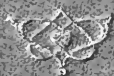


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IN LIFE'S GARDEN



BY UNA



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IN LIFE'S GARDEN

IN LIFE'S GARDEN

POEMS

BY

UNA

LONDON

ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS

187 PICCADILLY, W

1911



PR

6025

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TO ALL,
HERE OR ELSEWHERE, WHO INSPIRED THEM,
THESE THOUGHTS ARE
INSCRIBED,

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IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

IN Life's garden, where late they grew,
Flow'r thoughts and fancies I've cull'd for
you.

They cluster'd around the path I took,
Or lay conceal'd in some lonely nook ;—
Where'er they blossom'd, in sun or shower,
They bless'd my spirit with beauty's dower,
And sweet heart-music made glad the day,
As I journey'd along life's changeful way.
Now dusk is falling, I pause to view
The wayside blossoms I've cull'd for you.
Ah me! a handful of faded flowers
Is all that rests of those vanish'd hours ;—
Yet, this drooping garland—my offering, take,
And deem it precious, for love's dear sake.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

OH, Love unfailing ! Love Divine !
Stoop down,—and in those arms of Thine
Enfold this 'Well Belov'd' of mine.

Keep her secure from life's alarms,—
No ill molests, no danger harms,
Within the shelter of Thine arms.

E'en now, such blessedness bestow,
Such comfort send, that here below,
Thy perfect peace her heart may know.

And shed Thy Radiance round her way,
Until the dawn of that new day,
When grief and sighing flee away.

Thus, Love unfailing ! Love Divine !
Watch o'er this 'Well Belov'd' of mine,—
Aye, keep this 'Well Belov'd' of Thine.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

JUST on the Borders of Enchanted Land
We linger,—culling here and there some
bloom ;
From distant gardens sweet and rare perfume
The soft breeze gently wafteth where we stand.
We might have enter'd—you and I, dear Heart !
Lo, the dusk falleth—and 'tis time to part.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

WHEN YOU PASS'D BY!

WHEN you pass'd by—the sun kiss'd every
flower,
The blades of grass glisten'd with pearls of dew,
Earth richer colours wore, sky deeper blue.
Oh! gracious beauty of that mystic hour
 'Neath radiant sky,
When you pass'd by.

When you pass'd by, a thousand voices sang
Their glad Te Deum. From a thousand strings
Soar'd nature's symphony on magic wings.
The echo in my heart responsive rang,
 All harmony,
When you pass'd by.

But now the golden glow has left the earth,
All shadow'd lies the landscape, bleak and drear,
Life's music sounds no more to charm mine ear.
The way seems sombre now, devoid of mirth,
 Devoid of melody,
Since you pass'd by.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

IF some stray memory of me
To-night should touch thy heart,—
Ah! bid it not depart!
It says, 'Thy friend hath need of thee.'

It is a sign for thee to pray,
A call of soul to soul;
The stone away shall roll
For me, perchance, at dawn of day.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

LOVE touch'd my eyes—these eyes which once
were blind,

And, lo! a glorious world reveal'd to view,
A world I ne'er had dream'd so fair to find.
I sang for gladness—all things were made new.

'Twas Love unstopp'd my ears, and every sound
Borne through the silence seem'd a psalm of
praise:

Bird-song, child-laughter—yet o'er all I found
Thy voice the music of my happy days.

Love chang'd life's draught and made the water
wine,

And through my languid senses seem'd to flow
Some pow'r enkindled by the fire divine,
Some inspiration I can ne'er forego.

Love rais'd the dead to life—and never more
Can many waters quench th' eternal flame.
Love open'd wide the everlasting door,
And bade us enter, call'd by His name.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

THERE is a garden where I walk with you
Amid life's fairest flowers,
Beneath the tender green and Heaven's own
blue,
We while away the hours.

Without—the weary round of care and toil,
Earth's tragedy—its sin!
The radiant bloom above the fertile soil,
Of hope and prayer—within.

Oh, sweet the scented blossoms, wet with dew,
New haunts still to explore,—
Thus in souls' garden, lingering with you—
I find heart-rest once more.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

JUST as I listlessly let go my hold
And seem'd to lose thee in Life's 'wilderling
maze ;

Just as before my wearied vision roll'd
A winding stretch of road, and lonely days ;
Just as my halting feet began to lag,
Flowers, treasur'd once, slipped from my heedless
grasp,

My heart did fail me, and my strength did flag,
Then love brought pow'r anew—in thy hand-
clasp.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

A WISH.

GOD touch thy years with gold, that they
 may glow and shine,
Reflecting as they pass the light of Love Divine,
Casting upon life's way a benediction sweet,
Leaving a track of flowers behind thy moving
 feet.

God touch thy years with gold, His precious
 gift of love,
The beauty of each tint may this transforming
 prove.
The west of dark and light show but one perfect
 whole,
When seen beneath the glow God poureth on
 the soul.

God touch thy years with gold, they glide so
 swiftly by,
Until they catch the gleam from yonder sunset
 sky,
Then mingle in the glory which His hand has
 bless'd,
Sinking at last in peace to everlasting rest.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

EARTHBOUND are we, yet hath the spirit
wings.

Life's music lingers mute, the silence long,
Until Love's hand is drawn across the strings,—
Our world awakes then, bursting into song.

Oh Harmony divine! oh mystic strain!

Meet prelude to the triumph-song above!
God grant unto the soul's ear that refrain,
And to the heart that tender touch of love.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

WAYFARERS.

NAY! call me not new friend, dear sweet,
My claim, I feel, is stronger
Than those friends' whose accustom'd feet
Have journey'd with you longer.
They had you half a lifetime through,
Kept pace the livelong day with you.

'Twas such a little way they went
Ere they descried you, met you,
Whil'st I a lonely lifetime spent
In trudging on to get you.
Not much is left us of the way!
Not much remaineth of the day!

So far I had to come, dear heart,
A lifetime 'twas—or longer!
So soon it may be time to part,
Thus seems my claim the stronger.
I clasp your hand, I hold you fast,
Since I have found you, dear, at last.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

OH, gift of God, my friend !
Whose face has brought th' Eternal nigh;
No sermon like thy life doth tend
To turn my gaze toward the sky.

Oh, ray of light, my friend !
When sorrow's gloom made life so drear,
Then comfort sweet thy words did lend,
As if Christ spake, ' Be of good cheer ! '

Oh, rock of strength, my friend !
When shifting sands beneath my feet,
And changing scenes my steps attend,
Thy truth and constancy are sweet.

Oh, home of rest, my friend !
When wearied with the toil and rush
My wistful gaze on thee I bend,
Then o'er my spirit falls a hush.

I clasp thy hand, my friend !
Thank God that thou art here ;
I am not worthy He should send
To me a gift so dear.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

SONG.

I TURN'D to find you—keep you—
You smil'd! and turn'd away;
Yet ere I could bewEEP you,
You softly said—'Some day!'

The flow'rets gem the meadow,
The brook croons on its way,—
Life, with its shine and shadow,
Glides onward till 'Some day.'

We shall perchance attain it
In yon dim distance grey,
Or far beyond the shadows
May lie that sweet 'Some day!'

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

THE SOUL CALL.

WHEN the silence wrapp'd around me
Folds me in its safe embrace,
Through the darkness which has found me
Shines a vision of thy face.
Comes thy soul's voice gently calling,
'Mid the twilight and the gloom,
With love's power my soul enthralling,
Here within my lonely room.

Time and place at once are banish'd
To the world of every day,
And the things of earth have vanish'd,
For the moment, far away.
In this mystic land of wonder,
Holding thee and me alone,
Souls can never dwell asunder,
Whom love knits and joins in one.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Didst thou call me, dear, in sorrow ?

Take my handclasp firm and strong.

May Life's sunshine cheer thy morrow,

Change thy sighing into song.

'Thou canst feel this love around thee,

Love which ne'er will have an end.

Tell me—Has my soul's voice found thee

Answering to thine, my friend ?

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

‘SOME day,’ you say, when time has flown,
And we are old!
When dreams are spent, we wiser grown,
Life’s tale all told,—
Some dream fulfilled, maybe our own,
When we are old!

‘Some day,’ you sigh, and turn aside,
With listless gaze,
From love that will not be denied,
But ever prays
Not to be left unsatisfied
Through these dear days.

Some day! Ah me, this little life
Glides fast away—
And, wearied with the toil, the strife,
We pause to say:
‘Perchance, remains, since change is rife,
No sweet ‘Some day!’

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Some day this bliss before us lies,
 When we are old ?
A vision holds my longing eyes,
 Of joy untold,
Which you and I shall realise,
 Yet—not grown old !

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

BEFORE you came, no star lit up my sky,
Alone I wander'd in the shades of night.
Till through the gloom a presence sweet drew
nigh,
Bearing aloft love's beacon, shining bright.

Before you came, the world was wrapp'd in sleep,
No sound arose to break the silence drear;
My heart was hush'd in slumber long and deep,
It woke to melody when you drew near.

Before you came! 'Tis hard to realise
That once I liv'd, sweet love, from you apart;
Now morning breaketh in the distant skies,
Toward the Dawn I move with you, dear
Heart.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

THE GARDEN OF LONG AGO.

IN this old garden of thy childhood's dreaming,
In this fair haunt, so bless'd in days gone by,
I find the dewdrops of thy morning gleaming,
Mark the unfading blue of youth's clear sky.

O'er paths I wander, where thy feet did linger,
In that dim past wherein I had no part ;
Blossoms sweet as those touch'd by thy childish
finger,
Wake fragrant memories within my heart.

So let me pluck thee rose, pink, and carnation,
Blossoms of love—for thee, Belov'd, they grow ;
May they restore some long-lost inspiration,
Some dream of beauty, left here long ago.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

A KEEPSAKE!

THIS little cross thou gavest me
Was thine! How precious it will be,
When life with weariness is fraught,
And working days leave room for nought
But the stern duty of each hour,
Love will awake with all its power.
Not all shall I account as loss,
I find *thee*—in thy silver cross.

* * * *

When Sorrow's cloud breaks over thee,
Would that thy cross my cross might be.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

JUST one more handclasp ere I go,
 'Tis hard to part!
To leave thee when I love thee so,
 My dearest Heart!

Ah, life hath brought thee much of pain
 In days gone by—
A minor rang through all the strain
 Full wearily.

Too fragile for the world's rude touch,
 That soul of thine,
Was destin'd here to suffer much,
 Belov'd of mine.

Yet One will shield thee if the blast
 Too roughly blow,
On Him let all thy care be cast,
 He loves thee so.

Unto His keeping, dearest Heart,
 I thee commend.
Just one more handclasp ere we part!
 Farewell! my friend.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

OH! soft may the breeze be, and gentle the
tide

That bears thee away on its breast;
May fortune befriend thee, and God be thy
guide

To the far-away haven of rest.

May gladness and tenderness move by thy side,
With love may'st thou ever be bless'd,
With sunshine o'erhead—till thy vessel doth
glide

Safe into the haven of rest.

Farewell, my beloved, I turn from the shore,
With desolate heart and oppress'd;
In some sweet hereafter I'll find thee once more
In the far-away haven of rest.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

INSPIRATION.

ONCE long ago! the sun's ray kiss'd yon
peak—

And lo! its glory, with transforming power,
Made radiant and sublime the summit bleak,
Erst desolate, then rich with beauty's dower.
Transform'd, it glowed and gleamed with golden
store,
Through Heaven's gates its garner'd wealth did
pour.

Alas! a greyness stole across the sky,
A gentle mist descended as a shroud,
Veiling the radiant, rose-tipped ecstasy;
Then o'er my heart fell sadness like a cloud.
Behind the sullen mist yet waits, I know,
Yon snow-clad peak, for the transforming glow.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

METHINKS this life of ours is but a quest,
Like to the yearning sea, the heart's
unrest,
It craves some boon, and will not be denied,
Till we awaken yonder—satisfied.

Some, like gay children on their flower-strewn
way,

Start in pursuit of gaudy butterfly—
Still it eludes, till weary of the play,

They falter in their fruitless chase and sigh—
'Oh, golden hours! Wherefore did we employ
Thy precious passing, in vain quest of joy?'

Some midst the crowded thoroughfare of life

Move, all heart-weary of the toil and rush—
'Would God,' they murmur, 'in this rude world-
strife

On our jarr'd spirit might descend such hush,
As when of old a Voice made tumult cease!
The boon we crave is peace! abundant peace!'

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

And some there be who scale the mountain-side,
With heart unwearied, eye serene and clear,
New vistas stretch before them far and wide,
From summits gain'd more distant scenes
appear—

Above them rise unending, height on height;
They sigh for fuller vision—crave more light.

And I, a pilgrim too, in quest of gold,
Pure, unalloy'd, which faileth nevermore,
The heart's safe treasury my wealth must hold,
I yearn to add new riches to my store.
Oh, joy, peace, light—yet for my treasure trove,
I have all these with love—grant me more love.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

WHITHER away, little sunshine, whither
away?

You have brighten'd my world, dear, my world
once so grey,

You have warm'd my heart with love's life-
giving ray,

You have scatter'd the clouds that o'ershadowed
the day,

I dreamt a sweet dream that you ever would
stay,

Ah! whither away, little sunshine, whither away?

Little sunshine smiled brightly, and went on
her way

To gladden their world who had else gone astray
In the mist and the gloom; let me kneel down
and pray

That the blessing of sunshine rest with me for
aye;

Her mission to others I must not delay.—

Farewell, little sunshine! God speed on your
way!

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

THE shadows lengthen—lo! life's afternoon
Has stolen on me softly, unawares;
But yesterday 'twas April—then sweet June,
Now autumn's tint the sombre landscape shares

Once, not so long ago, the day was young;
But little mark'd I then the flight of hours.
Say! are the tales all told—the songs all sung,
And gone for evermore the time of flowers?

Nay, autumn hath its flowers and fruitage too—
Its glorious wealth of gold and russet leaves;
'Tis harvest time—I must to work anew,
That I may homeward bear the garner'd
sheaves.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

O H! Land we used to know!
Fair land of long ago!
How sweet thy light appears,
View'd o'er the distant years!
We would retrace the way,
Even for one short day.
Life was so full of grace;
The sun shone on thy face
And on the flower-gemm'd grass,
Where we were wont to pass.
Oh, radiant wonderland,
Transform'd by fairy wand!
The world lay round us—bright,
And bathed in mystic light;
Our woods for forests pass'd,
Our fields for prairies vast,
And bird and bee and flower
Shared the magic of the hour.
Our dreams were infinite,
The future, out of sight,
Such promise seemed to hold
Of radiancy, untold.
Alas! the spell is o'er!
Dreams spent for evermore!

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Scales fallen from our eyes,
And we have grown more wise!
Yet oft the time of flowers
Recalls those vanish'd hours,
When we two, hand in hand,
Frequented fairyland,
And longing throws its chain
O'er homesick hearts again.
Our spirits vainly yearn,
Since we may not return.—
Oh! land we used to know!
Fair land of long ago!

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

LITTLE THINGS.

PERCHANCE the word I failed to say
Might have strengthen'd thee and cheer'd
thee,
And the handclasp I withheld to-day
Might have evermore endear'd me!
The little deed I left undone
Might have made thy life the sweeter,
And the little prayer at set of sun
Have render'd mine completer.
Oh the wond'rous power of little things,
Shall we ever realise it!
On the mountain-side the river springs,
But a little source supplies it.
A little seed in the ground we cast,
Then go our way regardless;
But the flower that blossoms when days have
pass'd
With its beauty will reward us.
A little sun will melt the snow,
And the heart beset with sorrow,
By a little touch of love may know
Love's fulness—in store, to-morrow.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

REMINISCENCE.

JUST the scent of the clover, borne faint on
the breeze,
Just the lilt of the song-bird, the humming of
bees,
And the sigh of the wind as it rustles the trees.

Just the gleam of the sunlight on hilltops
around,
With the shadows that glide down the slopes
and abound,
Blending deepening tints with rich hues of the
ground.

Just a spot lov'd in childhood, we view it once
more,
Each landmark recalling sweet visions of yore,
When we dream'd of the gladness that life held
in store.

Just the scent of a flower or a bird's mellow
song,
Just a chord touch'd to-day which was silent
so long,
And the heart yearns in sadness, these beauties
among.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

CHILDREN STILL.

SOMETIMES we lay aside our grown-up ways,
To old, sweet memories the heartstrings
thrill,

The vague familiar touch of bygone days,
Reminding us that we are children still.

When Spring awakes, and with transforming
hand

Adorns in living verdure, vale and hill,
The old Joy fairy waves her magic wand ;
Its touch restores us, we are children still.

When one day we lay down the weight of years,
That everlasting joy our hearts may fill,
The Father-hand will wipe away earth's tears,
All pitiful to us, His children still.

Oh, glorious promise of the life to be !
Bright sun, that ever on our pathway smiled !
A vision of the Far-off Land we see,
Where none may enter who is not a child.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

REQUIESCAT.

'TIS time to rest !
To fold the hands earth's treasures once
did fill,
To cease from all his labours,—to be still—
For this is best.

'Tis time to sleep !
To close the weary eyes, at last forget
Life's transient day,—its beauty, its regret,
In slumber deep.

'Tis time for Peace !
The warfare now is ended ;—hush'd at last
The sound of tumult,—all the struggle past,
Since strife doth cease.

Then let no sound
Disturb the silence ;—now the sleeper knows
Abiding peace. Unbroken the repose
His soul hath found.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

TOO LATE.

THIS vase held blossoms,—fragrant, rare,—
They smiled 'neath thine unseeing eyes,
Their perfume sweeten'd all the air,
The boon thou scarce could'st realise !
But one day thou did'st miss them there,
Since flower of earth fast fades and dies ;
Now, thou dost mark thy room is bare,
The loss alone has made thee wise.

Thy life was bless'd with friendship true.
With love most tender, most divine ;
Thou didst but claim it as thy due,
And while it bloom'd didst make no sign.
No sign ! So love took wings and flew
Unto a land where love doth shine—
Too late, alas ! thy spirit knew
The beauty of what once was thine.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

BEREFT.

DOES the sun still shine as brightly as it
used to do?

The fleecy clouds keep sailing through a sky of
blue,

All the birds are singing gaily—a familiar tune,
And a radiant world is smiling, with the joy of
June.

Though I know life yet holds beauty, as it used
to do,

All my life has lost its sweetness, with the loss
of you.

As a shadow among shadows now my days are
spent,

Not until my spirit finds you shall I be content.

Ah! you meant so much to me, dear, I so much
to you!

Does the sun still shine as brightly as it used
to do?

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

‘A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD.’

SHE taught me many wondrous things
Not found in storied lore ;
She made the world a fairer place
Than e'er it seem'd before,—
My little child.

She showed me beauties all around
I once had careless scanned ;
She led me through such pleasant paths
With such a tiny hand,—
My little child.

She banish'd discord with one glance
Of those clear truthful eyes ;
She made me with the lone, the sad,
More quick to sympathise,—
My little child.

She open'd such a world of love,
A prospect, oh so fair !
She led me to the gates of Heaven,
And, smiling, left me there,—
My little child.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

YON shaft you sped unwittingly
Wrought havoc 'midst my flowers,
All crushed and mutilated lay
The fruit of weary hours.
I sought to bear away some bloom,
Which might abide as token,
To cheer and bless my empty room,—
But all, alas! were broken.
Aye, bruised and dead my blossoms lay,
Whilst you went singing on your way.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

DIRGE.

SUMMER is gone with its sunshine and gladness,

Autumn winds, moaning, take part in our sadness,
Fallen leaves carpet the way we must tread,
Slowly and mournfully, bearing our dead.

Hush'd is his voice now, and silent his laughter;
Echoes by memory waken'd hereafter!—
Still is our homestead, save for her low grieving,
Whom death is now of her darling bereaving.

He was the hope and the light of our dwelling,
With his sweet winsomeness, gladness compelling.
Now all is emptiness, dark as the grave,
Sorrows encompass us, wave upon wave.

Over the bier fold this old tartan plaid,
Threadbare and worn, just a part of our lad,
Lift him up rev'rently, now we must go,
Though hearts sore stricken with anguish o'erflow.

Summer is gone with its sunshine and gladness,
Autumn winds, moaning, take part in our sadness,
Fallen leaves carpet the way we must tread,
Slowly and mournfully, bearing our dead.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

A DREAM.

'T WAS in a dream I found thee yesternight ;
We wander'd hand in hand—the world
was bright,
And birds were singing in the sweet spring air ;
Around our feet flow'rs blossom'd everywhere,—
The purple hyacinth and primrose pale
Lent their faint perfume, carpeting the dale.
The brooklet sparkled 'neath the sun's glad ray,—
Our hearts were tun'd to Nature's harmony.
A heavenly radiance touch'd the earth with gold,
Love's alchemy,—what sweetness life did hold !
What beauty in the scene we twain did see !
For I had thee, belovèd—thou hadst me.
But sudden came the parting of the way ;
Thy path lay sunwards, mine 'neath skies of gray.
I turn'd alone, my footsteps to retrace
The self-same road, now stripp'd of all its grace.
Then woke—to find my eyelids wet with tears,
For in my dream I had retraced the years.
Aye, in a *dream* I found thee yesternight,
Some day I'll greet thee in the morning light.
When I *awake* and find thee, then 'twill seem
The years without thee that have been a dream.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

UPON the water's face
Of sadness not a trace!
Bright rays from sunny skies—
All *Heaven* reflected lies.

Beneath the golden glow
There lie concealed, we know,
Hopes buried in the wave,
Full many a lonely grave,
Full many a vague unrest,
And many a gem unguess'd;—
Aye, many a lost delight,
All hidden from our sight.

One day life's pulse will cease,
And God will grant us peace;
Yea—*joy* for evermore;
Lost treasures He'll restore.
Earth's last farewells then said,
The sea will yield its dead.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

OH, Sun, shine on my garden
With life-bestowing power.
Dispel the clouds that gather,
And bless each opening flower.
Thy beams are love, Thy touch is gold,
Thy glorious shining uncontroll'd.

Oh, Sun, shine on my garden
With that pure light divine,
And may each tender blossom
Reflect those rays of thine.
May they arise and shine for Thee,
Grant us Thy light in them to see.

Oh, Sun, shine on my garden
And melt the frosts that kill,
The chilling clasp of winter
Ere it has worked its will.
Oh let Thy warmth impart a glow,
To ice-bound hearts Thy radiance show.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Oh, Sun, shine on my garden,
That it may bloom for Thee,
All worthy of Thy beauty
Its precious flowers shall be.
Till, like all children of the sun,
They fall asleep when day is done.

Oh, Sun, shine on my garden,
When yonder Thou dost rise;
And may our blossoms waken
Mid blooms of Paradise.
There day ne'er melteth into night,
Thou art its glory and its light.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

OLD year, thou gav'st me joy
And gladness,
But with it all alloy
Of sadness.

Old year, thou brought'st me gain
And laughter,
But sigh and parting pain
Came after.

Old year, thou gav'st me love,
Rich measure ;
Alas ! thou didst remove
My treasure.

Old year, though thou hast given
And taken ;
I lift my eyes to Heaven
Unshaken.

For thus is tun'd the heart
By sorrow,
That it may play its part
To-morrow.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

I WONDER when the music ceased to play,
And silence fell on this sad world of ours !
I wonder when we left upon our way
The path through sunny fields o'errun with
flowers !
I wonder when and where that treasure fell,
Unmark'd as we pressed onward on our way ;
I wonder, dear, if you and I can tell
Whence came the rift which parted us for aye.
Each life is fill'd with idle questionings
To which no answer comes from sea or sky ;
The very moan of wind and wave but brings
Its quota to our vain surmising—why ?

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

ZUR EWIGEN HEIMAT.

THE Angel stooped—and in His arms of love
Bore our hearts' darling to a better home.
Our treasure's safely kept for us above,
No more in Earth's sad labyrinths to roam.

Here in this twilight world we must remain,
And spell life's lessons through our bitter tears,
Till God reveals the mystery of pain,
Then lays our darling in our arms again ;—
Oh, radiant future day !—beyond the years.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

WHEN Sorrow came to thee one twilight
gray,
And cast her misty veil around thy way,
Crushing life's rarest blooms her feet beneath ;
When Sorrow came, 'twas not to desecrate
Thy Holiest—nor leave thee desolate,—
Nay, rather to reveal 'Love conquers Death.'

When Sorrow came, she took thee by the hand,
And led thee through grief's dreary shadowland,
Yet, pointed to the starlight overhead.
There gleam'd above thee, clear, serene, and bright,
Symbols of Love Divine, seen when the night
Her sombre mantle o'er the earth has spread.

When Sorrow came, she did not come to blight
Thy fairest hopes, nor with intent to smite,
But to restore thee, strengthen thee, and bless.
Now, moving on the heights with thee alone,
She shows thee vistas hitherto unknown,
Of God's abiding love and faithfulness.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

SONG.

GRIEF wove a flower wreath,
Bedewed with tears,
All fragrant with the breath
Of garner'd years.
She pluck'd the blossoms sweet
From memory's bowers,
And bound it thus complete,
With parting hours.
Then in a distant grove,
Which lay apart,
She found the grave of love
In one sad heart.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

‘FOR THE LAST TIME.’

(HE.)

HERE in the silence of a dying day,
Together we behold the sunset glow,
While soul to soul speaks in the old fond way,
Love taught us in the golden long ago;
I bend me low, to miss nought thou may'st say,
The faint sweet utterance, now heard I know
For the last time.

How can I let thee go, or meet the years?
We met together once life's sun and showers;
I gaze upon thy flower-face through tears,
So soon 'twill be at rest amid the flowers.
One thought abides, as time of parting nears,
How all too swiftly speed the fleeting hours,
For the last time.

I hold thee fast, I clasp thy hand, dear heart,
Those slender fingers slipping from my own;
Aye, thou art passing hence, and we must part,
Thou to the Land of Light—I here alone
Must wander desolate, bearing the smart
Of hopeless longing—I would fain make moan,
For the last time.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Then let me pour the garner'd love of years,
 Into the last sweet moments that remain—
Not seek to mar their perfectness with tears,
 Nor dim their beauty with one touch of pain.
It will be well with thee, thou hast no fears :
Farewell, dear heart, I kiss thee once again,
 For the last time.

(SHE.)

'Tis sweet to watch the sun sink in the west,
 With thee, belovèd, near ;
The day is done, I lay me down to rest,
 Without a sigh or tear. .
The night draws on, dear heart, yet undistress'd,
 I wait to meet it here,
 For the last time.

'Tis sweet to feel this tender touch of thine
 Upon my weary brow,
To see the love-light in thy fond eyes shine,
 Blessing my spirit now,
As it will bless me in Heaven's light divine ;
 Not here alone, I trow,
 For the last time.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Nay, do not mourn, since love hath glorified
Our brief sojourning here,
Not far from thee my spirit will abide,
To comfort, help, and cheer,
Then bid thee welcome to the other side.
Death's shadow draweth near,
For the last time.

We shall not see day close on earth again,
Nor fading sunset skies—
Since it is written, 'No more night, no pain!
And no more tear-filled eyes!'
Good-night, belovèd, at daybreak we twain
Shall greet the glad sunrise.
Farewell, you say! Farewell, my heart replies,
For the last time.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

SUNSET.

THERE is a glory in the setting sun,
That far surpasses morning's paler hues ;
It speaks of rest, when day's hard toil is done,
And in our wearied hearts it hope renews.

Long since, in childhood's happier days,
methought
Our Father, pleased with tasks accomplish'd
right,
Had drawn the fleecy curtains back, that naught
Might hide the Better Country from our sight.

Ah ! oft in fancy did those eyes behold
The pearly gates, with angel-figures nigh ;
Anon the crystal sea, or streets of gold,
All clearly outlin'd in the evening sky.

Fancy's bright edges lose their golden sheen,
They tarnish, bare the sombre tint below,
Till naught remains of beauty, all is seen
Just as it is, but seem'd not, long ago.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Though life is sadder now than in the past,
God grants His lov'd ones peace at eventide,
Till He Himself the veil aside shall cast,
Shall bid us pass beyond, and there abide

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

ANNIVERSARY.

TO-DAY,—

Long years ago! our darling went to rest:
We laid love's last sweet offering,
The fragrant flowers of early Spring,
Upon his silent breast.

To-day,—

Long years ago!—within that dear, still
hand
I placed a tender rosebud, pure and white,
To greet him,—waking in the World of
Light
Where he will understand.

To-day,—

Long years ago!—Yet evermore remain
Sad flowers of memory upon my heart,
Fragrant, unfading, never to depart,
Until we meet again.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

RETROSPECT.

THE years, the fleeting years !
One more has sped, and through a mist
of tears

I turn to greet the new. What it may bring
No more I dare to ask. Afar I fling
Those early hopes, those later doubts and fears,
And nought remains but bitterness of tears.

The years, the fleeting years !
What wonder if I view them through my tears—
I would not wish them back, so much of pain
Fill'd all. Yet once—yea, only once again
To see thee, in thine arms to lose my fears—
Ah ! then I could forget the lonely years !

God, Who dost rule the years !
Yea, Who dost mark my agonising tears—
Knowing the longings all unsatisfied,
Treasures removed, and blessings long denied,
Thy voice is heard,—the weary heart it cheers,
'Look unto Me, my child, e'en through thy tears,
Heaven's welcome waits thee after life's sad
years !'

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

FAREWELL, my little Golden Heart !
Within my arms I hold thee fast,
As in the happy days now past,
'Tis time, I trow, for us to part.

God bless thee, little Golden Heart !
As thou to me hast blessing brought,
May thy sweet life with joy be fraught,
Though evermore from mine apart.

Farewell, my little Golden Heart !
Who knows—perchance I'll find one day
The little child who went away,
Where she and I no more need part.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

THERE'S a note I miss in the sweetest song
That the birds can sing to me,
And my heart is sighing the whole day long
For the music that used to be,—
There is a sadness in all the thoughts that
throng
With the memory of thee.

'There's a beauty rare in each radiant bloom,
And a glory in flower and tree,
But the tints are mingled in dusk and gloom,
Where no dimness I used to see.
'There's a touch of pain in each faint perfume,—
'Tis the longing, dear, for thee.

The garden is here with its leafy bowers
And its carpet of tender green,
But each blossom whispers of vanish'd hours
And the gladness mine eyes have seen,
Since the spirit that wander'd among the flowers
Is fled with the past, I ween.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

SUMMER is gone! There's a moan in the
wind

And a sigh from the trees.

In hearts that are weary an echo they find,—

Our wine at the lees!

Ah! the sunshine and laughter made days left
behind

Far sweeter than these.

Summer is gone and its blossoms are dead,

They once did abound.

The leaves in their glory of russet, gold, red,

Drift slow to the ground.

So the fair hopes of youth have all perish'd and
fled

Out of sight, out of sound.

Summer is gone! It is vain to surmise

At what moment it went.

Scarce mark'd we the change in our once sunny
skies,

Till their glory was spent.

We know not just when sorrow's mist dimm'd
our eyes

To the beauty life lent.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Summer is gone, and our year's on the wane,
Life's sky is o'ercast ;—
Yet thanks be to God for the joys that remain,
True and sweet to the last,—
And we thank Him the more, we shall find them
again,
When winter is past.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

NIGHT.

O H, night! on her fever'd brow
Thou hast laid thy healing hand,
And the secrets none else may know,
She trusts thee to understand.
Life's twisted and tangled coil
Thou wilt surely unravel yet,
But the day with its care and toil
Thou dost help her to forget.
She creeps to thy loving arms,
And seeks in this still retreat
Safe shelter from life's alarms,
From its burdens, rest complete.
Thou dost smooth the careworn face
With that tender touch of thine,
That here for a little space,
Enfolded in Love Divine,
She may some sweet foretaste find
Of the blessedness in store,
When, all weariness left behind,
She hath rest for evermore.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

LIEBESTRAUM.

(From the German.)

IF love around thy lonely way
Doth weave its magic spell,
The glamour sweet enjoy to-day,—
To-morrow—who can tell?
It may have pass'd,
Too fair to last.

And let the love within thy heart
Abroad its fragrance shed;
So soon earth's fleeting joys depart,
The last farewells are said.
Love's little day
Glides swift away.

Then spare not loving words and kind,
His longing ear to greet;
In those fond eyes an answer find,
Love's Paradise complete.
Love gilds thy sky
With ecstasy.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Ah, bid thy hasty tongue be still !

Hush ! Thou wilt ne'er forget ;

God knows I did not mean it ill,

His sad glance haunts me yet.

Since love's brief day

Has pass'd away.

Now by the grave I stand and weep,

My sad tears all in vain ;

His voice breaks not the silence deep,

To soothe as once my pain.

He comes no more,

Love's dream is o'er.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

FOLDED FLOWERS.

OH, Gardener Divine !
Each folded flower is Thine,—
Thou'guardest all awake, or wrapp'd in sleep ;
Some beauteous colours wear,
Some scarce repay Thy care,
Yet these Thine own Thou dost both tend and
keep.

Oh, Gardener Divine !
The sun will rise and shine,—
And they will open to a new fair day.
When dawns th' Eternal morn,
These blossoms will adorn
Thy Flower garden, in the Far-away.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

REMEMBRANCE.

I NEVER feel the perfume of some flowers
Wafted upon the balmy air to me,
But memory recalls those vanish'd hours,
And life is fragrant with the thought of thee.

I never hear an old-time sweet refrain
Or melody, of those I used to know,
But some chord wakens in my heart again
Its echo—thee, dear, and the long ago.

I never see the sun sink in the west,
Gilding the evening sky with burnish'd light,
But as a weary bird wings to its nest,
To Heaven and thee my spirit takes its flight.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

THE GIFT OF THE YEARS.

COME, ponder awhile o'er the gift of the
years,

They have brought thee great gain, far out-
weighing the loss ;

They have portion'd thee gladness to balance
the tears,

They promise a crown, if they gave thee a
cross.

They have worn in their flow all rough edges
away,

And left thee with outlook more tolerant, kind,
And many a lesson thou'rt wise in to-day

Was learnt with sad heartache, in days left
behind.

Oh, the years they have taught thee and render'd
thee wise,

Then mourn not their passing, nor deem it in
vain ;

Thou hast wept,—now, discerning all sorrowful
eyes,

Canst comfort the heart overwhelm'd with its
pain.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

And I know the great Giver, Who giveth in love,
In love also taketh—yea, more I maintain,
That never a treasure He took, but to prove
His Fatherhood, gave us some treasure again.

Then ponder awhile o'er the gift of the years,
After toil, after weariness, bringing thee rest;
After death cometh life, and an end to thy fears;
Then mourn not their passing—the last gift
the best.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

AUBADE.

AT daybreak, when I arise,
All the world will shine anew.
I shall lift my happy eyes
To a Heaven of cloudless blue—
Glorious Dawn! these sunny skies
Smiling as they used to do.
Flowers I was wont to prize
Will adorn the haunts I knew;
Cast aside the years' disguise
From child-hearts, once sweet and true;
I shall find in Paradise
Friends of yesterday—and you!

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

A MEMORY.

GENTLY as a strain of music
On a summer day,
Thou hast liv'd thy life among us,
And hast pass'd away.

Ah! the sun shone as we listen'd
To the happy tune;
Ne'er a discord to disturb us,
But 'twas gone too soon.

Some glad bars of rippling laughter,
Some of longing sweet,
Some of noble, grand endeavour,
Victory complete.

Then the notes grew faint and fainter,
Till they died away,
Soar'd above earth's mist and clamour,
Join'd Heaven's choirs for aye.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

IF thou hadst known in those far-distant days,
Which now lie buried with the long-dead
past ;

If thou hadst known how wistful was the gaze
Love turn'd on thee, oh ! wouldst thou then
have cast

One swift responsive glance, and thus have seen
Life's possibility ?—It might have been !

If thou hadst known in those long-vanish'd
hours

How one heart beat in sympathy with thine,
Wouldst thou have turn'd and cull'd the fra-
grant flowers

Love offered thee, a garland to entwine
For days to come ? Ah ! silence lay between
Thy heart and mine ; and yet,—It might have
been !

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

If thou hadst known how, through the long,
 long years,
One aching heart would yearn for thee in vain,
Wouldst thou in that far time have dried the
 tears
With tender answering touch, had all been
 plain?
Ah, who can tell! Thy lonely grave is green;
Thy memory still lives on. It might have been!

It might have been! and yet, perchance, may be,
In some glad day, when nought shall be con-
 cealed;
The cramp'd and longing spirit will be free,
And all its hidden beauty be revealed;
Then drawn aside, the once-dividing screen—
No more life's dreary moan—It might have been!

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

SOMETHING is lost, as the years slip past,
Of the old glad heart-beat at dawn!
The sunny sky is soon overcast,
Its glories wax faint and wan;
And we learn to know what the years have cost,
By that weary sense of the something lost.

Something is lost of the zest we knew
In the work we held so dear;—
Alas, how much we have fail'd to do!
How imperfect, year by year,
Are even the tasks which we toiled at most!
With all our effort there's something lost.

Something is lost of the hope that stirr'd
Our pulses to higher aim,
As the happy note of yon soaring bird.
Ah, life is not quite the same!
Perchance the chill touch of age's frost
Reveals to the heart the something lost.

Something is lost of the treasures too
We guarded with jealous care:
They slipped from our grasp where the shadows grew,
Round our pathway unaware,
Though we cherish joy, while it yet remains,
There's a sense of loss, which the heart retains.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

IN MEMORIAM.

OH Earth, she found so bless'd
Ere sorrow dimm'd her eyes,
Safe pillow'd on thy breast
We leave her wrapp'd in rest,
Till Christ shall bid her rise.

Oh Earth, we found so sweet,
Once—when the world did hold her!
Alas, how incomplete
With the passing of her feet!—
Life bleaker grows and colder.

Oh Earth,—if this frail clay
We leave unto thy keeping
Were all,—what could allay
Death's sting? grave's victory stay?
Or bid eyes cease their weeping?

Oh Earth! we turn our gaze
From thy faint fading splendour,
To Heaven's eternal days—
To Heaven's abiding praise—
To God's love—changeless, tender.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

A NEW YEAR.

DIDST Thou let me falter, Saviour, just that
I might understand
How unfit I am to journey, if Thou dost not
hold my hand?
Just that I might feel my weakness, till I knew
Thy presence near?
Be Thou with me now, Lord Jesus, on the
threshold of the year.

Didst Thou send those tears of sorrow, just that
I might realise
How unfailing is Thy comfort? Thou dost ever
sympathise
With the poor, the sad, the weary: Thou wilt
send a word of cheer
Even unto me, Lord Jesus, on the threshold of
the year.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Didst Thou send this deep heart-yearning, like
the sea's unceasing plaint,
Just that I might seek refreshing, when my soul
was sick and faint,
In the streams of living water, flowing ever full
and clear?
Ah, revive me, loving Saviour! on the threshold
of the year.

On the threshold, Lord, I meet Thee; in Thy
hand I put my own;
Thou wilt evermore be with me, and I shall not
walk alone.
Ah, the comfort of just knowing that Thy child
to Thee is dear,
And can look to Thee for blessing on the
threshold of the year!

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

LIFT thine eyes! The sun is shining!
Clouds are lifting,—
Wherefore all this sad repining,
Aimless drifting?
Overhead the radiant skies—
Lift thine eyes!

Lift thine eyes and view God's glory,
Why this blindness?
He has written through life's story
Love's own kindness.
'Tis His voice bids thee arise,—
Lift thine eyes!

Lift thine eyes, no more in sadness
Earthwards gaze;
Lift thine eyes, and sing with gladness
All thy days.
In the distance—Paradise!
Lift thine eyes.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

EASTER HYMN.

AWAKE, oh earth! and hymn the praise
Of our Redeemer King.
What promise of eternal days
This happy morn doth bring!
He conquer'd death, with all its powers,
And Immortality is ours.

Break forth, ye blossoms, into bloom!
Your winter sleep is o'er,
Rent are the fetters of the tomb.
Awake to life once more!—
Thus ye regain your drooping powers,
And Immortality is ours.

Awake, my soul, and lend your voice,
To swell the psalm of praise—
You whom He causeth to rejoice,
To glory He will raise.
Christ conquer'd death with all its powers,
And Immortality is ours.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

AMONG the shadows hast thou pass'd thy
years,

Companioning with visions, transient dreams!
Yea—hast thou spent thy heart-blood and thy
tears

In vain delusions—quaff'd of Marah's streams!
The glorious sunlight melts the mist so grey—
Behold day breaks and shadows flee away.

Among the shadows, weary seeking soul,
'Twas vain to hope to satisfy thy quest.
'Twas vain to deem thy scars could e'er be whole,
Or to believe thy spirit should find rest.
The Father-hand doth draw thee tenderly
To where day breaks and shadows flee away.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

UNITED.

(A Marriage Hymn.)

WE thank Thee, Father, for this gift of love
Bestow'd on us, unworthy though we be,
Sent in rich measure from the Home above ;
Links in the chain which draws our hearts to
Thee.

Oh Lord, we bless Thee for this gracious light
Thou hast made shine, to gladden all life's
way,—
Rays from the sun, which fadeth day nor night—
In that bright land of everlasting day.

Low at Thy feet our offering we lay—
Lives which we seek to dedicate to Thee.
Guard Thou our steps, lest from Thy path we
stray—
Be Thou, oh Lord, our Guide continually.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

Help us to bear whate'er Thou hast in store—
Sunshine or shadow, gladness, grief or pain;
E'en shouldst Thou chasten, let us trust Thee
more,
Till from earth's loss we pass to Heaven's
gain.

So let us tread down through the vale of years,
Hand clasp'd in hand, and heart attun'd to
heart,
Bearing alike life's struggles, smiles, and tears,—
Till in Thy joy eternal we take part.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

I THOUGHT I could weave my life aright
Without a hand to guide me ;
So I took the threads, both dark and light,
Not pausing to glance at the pattern bright
The Master had laid beside me.

With pitying love He saw begin
The web of my poor endeavour ;
Plans, hopes, and fears were woven in—
On self relying, success to win,
I might thus toil on for ever.

Then I feared what the Master dear would say ;
But His voice came gently chiding—
'My child, these fragments cast all away,
With humble mind start afresh to-day,
Look to Me alone for guiding.'

With the Master's hand to set us right,
And His holy life before us,
Why should we trust to our own poor might ?
Our utmost effort is all too slight,
And a great Love watcheth o'er us.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

ORA PRO ME.

OH, pray for me! .
My faith is feeble, and my light is dim,
God will uphold us if we look to Him;
He knows our weakness, yea, our Father cares—
Yet, friend, I need thy prayers.

Wilt pray for me?
Life is so difficult, and 'neath its load
We bend and falter on the weary road.
Our Saviour, say'st thou, every sorrow shares?
Yet, friend, I need thy prayers.

Oh, pray for me!
And if thou dost, I think that I shall know
And feel such blessedness as long ago,
When one I lov'd and lost his child did bear
Upon the wings of prayer.

Oh, pray for me!
Thy lamp has been so bright, and burn'd
so long,
That thou canst help another soul along
By intercession; yea, our Father hears!
Sends answer to thy prayers.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

‘BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR
AND KNOCK.’

Rev. iii. 20.

WHEN the changeful day is o’er,
Open wide thy chamber door,
Bid each guest who came to trouble, or to cheer
thee, now depart,
For a Guest both true and kind
Gladly would an entrance find,
He would fain hold converse with thee, in the
chamber of thy heart.

Let Him in, He is thy Friend,
Who will love thee to the end,
Though thou oft hast proved unworthy of that
love so full and free.
Tell Him every joy and pain,
And thou wilt not look in vain
For a tender word to comfort or a glance of
sympathy.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

There are treasures thou didst hoard,
In some secret corner stored;
There are idols thou didst worship, in thy
holiest enshrin'd.
Thou must cast these all away,
He Who comes at close of day,
To honour thy poor dwelling, is the Saviour of
mankind.

If thou tell Him everything,
Ah! what healing He will bring;
There is nought He deems too trivial for a
sympathising ear.
Other friends who come and go,
Scant attention oft bestow,
But this Friend Who never faileth, all concerning
thee would hear.

Therefore, at the close of day,
Ev'ry idol cast away,
Bid the Guest Who waiteth, enter now the
chamber of thy heart.
Only see that nought beside
In thy dwelling doth abide,
Else thou mayest miss the blessing that His
presence would impart.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

PRAYER.

OH Jesu ! Man of Sorrows, turn Thy gaze,
Filled with compassion true—
Nought is too hard for Thee—bend down and raise
This sufferer too.

Lord, we believe Thou canst, Thou wilt restore,
Thy power is with us still.
Oh lead her forth to work for Thee once more,
To do Thy will.

It is Thy child for whom we pray—from love,
From life, excluded here,
Thy never-failing kindness we would prove,
Healer, draw near.

Ah, leave her not alone and comfortless
In sorrow's weary night ;
Approach Thyself, to strengthen, raise, and bless,
Be Thou her light.

Light of the World, we lift our hearts to Thee,
This grace from Thee implore.
Oh touch this sufferer's eyes that she may see
Thy face once more.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

‘NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH.’

THE peace He giveth—none can take away ;
It wraps us round in sweet and holy calm,
To wounded spirit proves a healing balm,
Oh grant us this sweet peace from day to day.

The storms that beat around can ne'er alarm,
Since Jesu's gentle voice says, ‘Peace, be still!’
Hush'd are the winds and waves—His sov'reign will
Controls the tempest and protects from harm.

‘Not as the world gives, do I give to thee,
No counterfeit base coin, but purest gold,
My peace endureth, never waxeth old,
The heart shall know it which is stay'd on Me.’

Then after life's long struggle, when we cease
To toil with work-worn hands and weary brain,
We pilgrims rest at last beyond earth's pain
In that sweet Upper Chamber, callèd Peace.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

‘IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.’

HERE at Thine Altar, Christ, behold
Thy children humbly kneeling.
Within the shelter of Thy fold
Draw those who seek—Thy love untold
To us, Thine own, revealing.

Here at Thine Altar—Thee confess’d,
With Thy touch consecrated—
May we arise, uplifted, bless’d,
Care cast aside, and hearts at rest,
To Thee re-dedicated.

Here at Thine Altar—faith increas’d,
As incense, pray’r ascending,
We keep the sacramental Feast,
Till dawneth in the far-off East,
The day of Life unending.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

**'I WILL BRING YOU INTO THE
WILDERNESS.'**

Ezekiel xxvi. 35.

COME ye apart! 'tis Christ Who speaks again,
And if ye cannot reach a solitude,
Wherein your soul may feast on Heavenly food,
He leads you to the desert place of pain.

No voice can penetrate the silence deep,
Save voice of Him, Who trod the self-same way,
He hears the soul's sad utterance to-day,
The Man of Sorrows, Who for man did weep.

Lo! He can reach you here, broken, apart—
Too far for human friend, but not for Him;
He is your Light when earthly lights grow dim—
Then—you are folded closer to His heart.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

‘WE KNOW NOT WHITHER! HOW
CAN WE KNOW THE WAY?’

OH aching heart that sought to find
Some respite for its sorrow!
Oh breaking heart—joys left behind
Could not suffice to-morrow.
Thy Saviour understood the cry
From depths of longing—‘Why, ah, why!’

Thou goest, Lord, we know not where,
The way we seek in vain!
Thou passest hence.—Born of despair
The thought—Thy friends remain
Alone amidst a world grown cold,
Without Thy Presence to uphold.

Ah, Thomas! Jesus did not chide
Thy broken-hearted moan.
He saw the grief thou could'st not hide,
He knew thee for His own.
‘Have I been so long time with thee
And see'st thou not the way in Me?’

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

I am the way, by Me alone
To Life thou shalt ascend ;
My Presence, doubting soul, is thrown
Around thee, to the end.
For they who put their trust in Me,
Can never lost or lonely be.

Yet from the sad and desolate
Is ofttimes heard the moan—
'This world some love did consecrate,
Now dark and empty grown.
We may, perchance, this lost regain !
Yet no more here,—in this our pain.'

We know not whither!—Once content
With this fair earth we knew,
Hadst Thou but left here, treasures lent,
Here, hearts had lingered too.
Thy thought for us more tender, wise,
With them, in Thee, we shall arise.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

LITANY.

WHEN the dreams that once we cherish'd
 Vanish with the noon—
When the hopes of youth have perish'd
 Like the rose of June!
E'en the leaves are earthwards drifting,
Then to Thee our pray'r uplifting,
Be Thou near us ; hear, ah, hear us,
 We beseech Thee, Jesu !

When our best belov'd lie stricken,
 Bound in deep despair,
Break the chain, revive and quicken,
 Saviour, hear our pray'r !
Hold them when they seem forsaken,
Touch their eyes, to life awaken,
Be Thou near them, comfort, cheer them,
 We beseech Thee, Jesu !

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

In the day when skies are clouded,
 Leaden overhead ;
When gray mist our path has shrouded,
 And we mourn our dead ;
When all desolate and dreary,
We press onward, footsore, weary,
Be Thou near us ; hear, ah, hear us,
 We beseech Thee, Jesu !

When at last our day is ending,
 And our labours cease,
Light amid the darkness sending,
 Grant Thy children peace.
Let not fear of death distress us,
In the gloom sustain us, bless us,
Be Thou near us ; hear, ah, hear us,
 We beseech Thee, Jesu !

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

CROSSES.

THY cross is pain! Say what the chain
Wherewith thou wearest it?
Gilt links or gold? The secret's told,
—Just how thou bearest it.

The cross is care, I needs must bear,
Nor seek to lay it down.
This weight is gain, love will sustain,
Since where no cross, no crown.

With anguish fraught beyond our thought,
The Cross our Saviour bore;
If pain be thine, if care be mine,
He trod this path before.

Oh Cross! Life's ornament for thee—
The gift of love untold.
Oh Cross! Life's precious load for me,
If worthy to uphold.
Oh Cross Divine! We view through tears
His radiant life, o'er distant years.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

HER child is crying in the darken'd room !
The mother hears, and soon within her
arms

She clasps her darling, banishing alarms,
Dispersing with her presence fear and gloom.

And does thy Heavenly Father turn aside
Unheeding, when thy cry to Him ascends
From depths of night ? Nay, comfort He
extends,
Thy heart is strengthened and thy tears are dried.

Thy voice can reach Him, crying in the night,
Afraid and desolate, scarce knowing why ;
Lo ! thou art not forsaken, He draws nigh !
Be still, sad heart, for He will give thee light.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

INTUITION.

CANST thou discern—beneath all outward
seeming,

The hidden meaning, oft concealed from sight ?
The secrets wherewith nature's heart is teeming,
The deep soul-vision of a clearer light ?

Say, dost thou understand the whisper'd token,
The promise breath'd from every leaf and
flower ?

And dost thou hear the word ere it be spoken,
And apprehend love's presence by its power ?

Canst thou discover in the lives around thee,
How small events to mighty issues lead ?
And does the storm's voice nevermore astound
thee,
Since every God-sent message thou canst read ?

Then, Heaven-gifted thou, to whom is broken
Th' eternal revelation, calm and clear—
As they to whom, long since these words were
spoken,
'He that hath ears to hear'—yea, let him hear

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

RETROSPECT.

I REMEMBER—

The way which Thou hast led me—
The track across the years.
Before my inward vision
Each changing scene appears.
Saviour Divine, can I forget !
Thy love hath never failed me yet.

I remember—

Childhood's fair dreams and fancies,
Its bright and buoyant hours,
Familiar haunts and faces,
The sunshine and the flowers.
Saviour Divine, can I forget !
Thy love hath never failed me yet.

I remember—

The storm-cloud that came after
The turmoil and the pain,
The graves that starred the desert,
The tears that fell like rain.
Saviour Divine, can I forget !
Thy love hath never failed me yet.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

I remember—

The sky o'ercast and sombre,
The solitude and loss,
And o'er life's lonely pathway
The shadow of the Cross.
Saviour Divine, can I forget!
Thy love hath never failed me yet.

I remember—

The precious gifts Thou gavest,
The hands I clasp to-day,
The glimpses of Thy beauty
Vouchsafed upon life's way.
Saviour Divine, can I forget!
Thy love hath never failed me yet.

I remember—

The way which Thou hast led me,
The future yet untried;—
To yonder long'd-for Homeland
Thou leadest me, my Guide.
Saviour Divine, can I forget!
Thy love hath never failed me yet.

IN LIFE'S GARDEN.

THE day draws swiftly to a close,
The sun sinks in the west ;
Now lay thy playthings all away
My child, and go to rest.
Oh, passing sweet have been the hours,
And kind thy Father's care ;
Ere sleep o'ertakes thee, let us breath
Once more the evening prayer.
And let me softly sing to thee
Thy fav'rite evening hymn—
Now close thine eyes, my weary one,
Commit thy soul to Him.
The day was short, but soon will dawn
The everlasting light ;
The radiant morn will break for thee—
Till then—good-night ! good-night !

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